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# Puck

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2



ON TIME, AS USUAL.

A NOXIOUS WEED THAT IS BOUND TO BLOOM EVERY SPRING.



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, March 29th, 1893.—No. 838.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING A NEW ERA FOR LABOR.** THE ACTION of the Federal Court at Toledo, on the relations between the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railroad, has raised a clear-cut issue between Labor and Capital. If a further hearing demonstrates the legality of the Court's order, the laboring man has cause to rejoice; and he will rejoice when he understands that the Federal Government, in stepping in to protect Capital, has thereby recognized his right to fight the oppression of Capital, and is ready to help him when he fights fairly. The order of the court is, in effect, not that a body of men may not strike; but that, when they do strike, they must strike in an equitable manner; that no man has a right to leave his job when such an act works immediate damage as the direct result of a sudden suspension of labor. It is fortunate that the issue has been raised by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, because that organization is American in its make-up, and has, hitherto, been notable for the conservative fairness of its acts.

In times past, when Labor had grievances, it sulked over them too long before attempting to right them. When it did strike, it blinded the public to the justice of its cause by the brutality of its protests. It forfeited all sympathy by its anarchistic methods. The Federal Court has outlined for Labor a policy which is dignified and effective, a policy that must teach it self-restraint, and yet insure a proper consideration for its demands. It has shown Labor a way to bring its grievance before the public other than by destroying life and property. And Labor need never fear that its wrongs will not be redressed when it can place them coherently before the people. This action of the Court places the man who works by the day with his hands, upon the same plane as the man who works by the week or month with his head—he is forced to rise to the height of the clerk, the book-keeper and the bank cashier, whose self-respect prevents them from resorting to acts which only imperil vested interests and subject the public to inconvenience. Once upon this plane, he will see a better way to obtain justice—that a rational presentation of wrongs suffered by him will receive prompt and sympathetic attention. Men like Arthur and Sargent should be the first to recognize this advantage, and they should

work earnestly to the end that their controversies may secure legal recognition.

Another advantage to be gained by Labor is the enlistment in its service of more cool-headed men of intelligence, such as Chief Arthur has been, to keep it from acts of foolish violence, and to secure to it all the advantages that belong to any body of men who proceed temperately to assert their rights. It will be a red-letter day for Labor when it revolts from the men who have so viciously manipulated it to their own selfish ends. The Walking Delegate seems to be selected as such because he is good for nothing else. He is a trouble-hunter and the enemy of harmony. This breeder of misery must ferment healthy conditions into discord in order to prove his usefulness. He has hitherto had little success with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, because an engineer is more than likely to be a good American and a man of cool judgement; he is pretty apt to see that the Walking Delegate does too much talking and too little walking. He is just the sort of man to teach Labor in general that it can not maintain its own rights by violating the rights of others; that brute force is a good thing to tear down with, but that for constructive purposes it is n't worth a cent.

**CONCERNING AN ORATORICAL WONDER.**

We have received a pathetic note from Mr. J. S. Daugherty, General Land Agent, of Dallas, Texas, enclosing a seven-column speech made by that gentleman in behalf of free silver, to which he invites our attention, saying: "If I am in error, I would be pleased for you to expose it; and, if right, to espouse my cause." We could not possibly undertake to expose Mr. Daugherty's error. It is too vast, too varied, too complicated, too intricate, too multitudinous, and generally too, too much. Mr. Daugherty writes—or speaks—in a fluent, cheerful, untrammelled style, which enables him to perform gymnastic feats with the English language. The burden of his speech is the iniquity of the English nation, and especially of that abode of original sin, the Bank of England. England, it seems, has been up to hitherto unheard-of iniquities in connection with American silver. She revels, according to Mr. Daugherty, in ill-gotten prosperity; and entirely at our expense. "She loans us millions of money," says Mr. Daugherty; "she then sends her agent to our Congress, and induces it to demonetize silver, thus greatly enhancing the value of her credits and making it more difficult for us to pay. She then manipulates the silver to buy the wheat and cotton of India that she does not get as rent, so that it costs us every cent to produce ours that we get from them"—and thus Mr. Daugherty merrily gallops on. We know nothing in literature like unto his great effort, unless it be the well-known passage in "Alice in Wonderland": "Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise." And it strikes us forcibly that the author of "Alice in Wonderland" is perhaps the only man in the world who could safely tackle either of the two jobs which Mr. Daugherty proposes—that of exposing his error or that more awful and terrifying one of espousing his cause.

**A FLORIDA WATER-COLOR.**



OW THE damsel who's wealthy, sweet and fair,  
At St. Augustine a war of love may wage;  
And in all the bright magnolia-scented air  
To some veritable swell herself engage.

And she'll never have to throw him overboard,  
Like the man she wins at Newport on the fly,  
All because that haughty and imperious lord,  
The floor walker's not unleashed until July.

R. K. M.

**ONE GOOD TURN.**

AMERICAN MAGISTRATE.—Hov n't Oi seen you befar?  
PRISONER.—Yis, y'r Honor. It wor tin years ago whin Oi sat in thot seat, y'r Honor, an' you was brought befar me, y'r Honor, an' Oi discha-arged ye.

MAGISTRATE.—Be jabers, thot's so. Discha-arged!

**COLUMBIAN.**

PARTY AT WINDOW.—Say, gim' me two "Landings" and a "Discovery."

STAMP CLERK.—Come, talk sense! What do you want?

PARTY AT WINDOW.—Ain't yez on? Gim' me two twos and a one. Say, you're dead slow!

THE OVERHEAD WIRES of the theatre hat should come down.

YOU NEVER know how dear things are until you buy them, nor how cheap they are until you sell them.



**THE ORIGIN OF A NEW SPECIES.**

VISITOR.—But who is that burly individual standing there?

BRAKEMAN.—Oh, that's Brute Brady! The men have him around to punch the Grand Master if the strike fails.



## HER EASTER SONNET.



O H! SHE WROTE a little sonnet,  
Which she called "My Easter Bonnet,"  
All about some blossoms bright and frills of lace;  
Ribbons, too, and gauzes airy  
Made, you'd think, for Mab the fairy—  
This creation which should set off her dear face.

Now, the verses were so witty,  
And the bonnet was so pretty  
As she made it out of paper, pen and ink,  
That the editor he hung it  
On the copy-hook, and sung it  
To a tune, the name of which he could n't think.

And the check the paper paid her,  
Full and ample it defrayed her  
Bill for all that ribbon, lace and flowers gay.  
Yes! she sold her "Easter Bonnet,"  
And she wore a lovely sonnet  
On her head to church that very Easter Day.

Nannie Melvin.



### RECIPROCITY.

"I wonder why she gave him the mitten?"  
"Oh, that was the natural outcome of the yarns he gave her!"

IT is the festive egotist  
Who, when profane he'd be,  
Exclaims with all his main and might  
"O dear ME!"

### SURE THING.

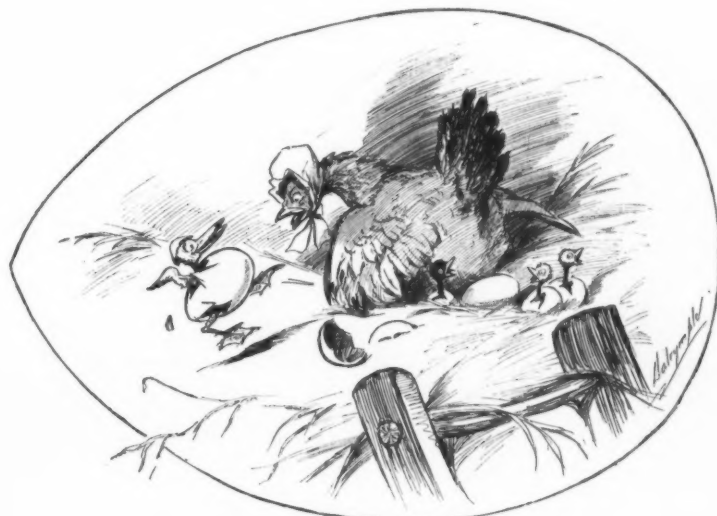
Had the celebrated race 'twixt the tortoise and the hare  
Been contested on the Gutenberg race track,  
The odds would have been heavy, with the bookies on the shell,  
And the backers of the rabbit would have beat the ferry back.

John B. Gest.



### GETTING THE BEST OF HIM.

OFFICER.—Ha! What's the matter?  
JOYOUS PERSON.—Why—that cab driver—thought I was  
intoxicated,—took my watch and diamond pin—and then drove off.  
OFFICER.—That does n't seem funny.  
JOYOUS PERSON.—Yes—but you see—oh, ha! ha! ha! he  
forgot to collect his fare!



### COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

MRS. HEN.—Chick! Chick!  
DUCKLING.—April Fool!

### A NEW READING.

FITZ.—What does R. S. V. P. stand for?  
MAC.—Well, to judge by the conduct of some society people, I  
should say it means Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up and Put!

### IMPOSSIBLE.

WHIPPER.—Old Golden seems to be terribly cut up over his refusal  
by Miss Spring.  
SNAPPER.—Why, yes; the girl could n't even be a sister to him—  
for her mother is only thirty-eight years old, you know!

THE MAN WHO wrote, "Rest is not quitting this busy career" must  
have been a tramp.



FRENCH TALES RETOLD  
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.\*

No. 6.

A CAPTURE. (Concluded.)

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT  
by

H. C. BUNNER.

"Berthine returned to her garret, slipped on her dress and came back to the lower room. In silence she and her mother began to warm up the soup they had secreted; for it was getting to be time for the father's return. But it was not long before the sound of excited voices under their feet told them that the suspicions of their captives had been awakened. Then the butt of a gun thwacked against the under side of the trap-door, and the corporal's guttural voice called upon them to open. Berthine deigned no response to this command. She was not a woman to waste words; she knew well that hammering down a front door was one thing, and striking up a heavy bolted trap another; and that there was no other opening into that cellar of thick-masonry save one little grated slit made for ventilation.

"Open!" came the muffled voice of the Prussian, "or I'll break the door."

"Break all you want to, my lad," said Berthine, pleasantly, as she stirred the soup.

"Berthine was big, healthy and magnanimous. It was her little, old, wrinkled mother, who all these hours had cowered in silent fear, who now burst into a tempest of raging triumph. Crouching over the trap, she hurled gross insults down at her daughter's captives, calling them hogs and wolves and robbers, imitating their guttural accents, and mocking their bad French. In the end, when her voice failed her, she grasped her skirts in both hands, pulled them up to the level of her knees, and danced a really preposterous jig of the early days of her youth. She subsequently re-

enacted the whole scene for my benefit; and I assure you that if a Chinese idol came to life, it could not do anything more grotesque or surprising.

"She stopped exhausted, as Berthine raised a warning hand. Afar in the woods sounded a strange note, like the screech-owl's, yet, to a forester's ear, unlike. The two women heard it in spite of the hubbub that the prisoners made, beating on their stone ceiling and firing their guns through the grating, to attract the attention of any comrades who might be in search of them. Berthine put her head out of the door and answered with the same cry. It came back again, and again she answered it. Two great dogs burst out of the darkness and leaped upon her, caressing her and whining with pleasure. She held them firmly by their broad leather collars, and called to her father, whose tall form could be seen emerging from the thicket.

"Don't pass in front of the grating! The cellar is full of Prussians!"

"The old man changed his course and entered the house. He gave the two women no further greeting than to repeat interrogatively:

"The cellar is full of Prussians?"

"Yes," said his daughter calmly.

"He sat down at the table; she placed his soup before him, and he ate steadily on with the stolid gravity of a peasant, while his daughter told her story, punctuated by the blows of musket-butts beneath the floor and the crash of shots fired through the grated slit. The smell of the powder-smoke mingled with the scent of the hot soup and the pungent aroma of the wood fire. The story and the soup were finished together. The old man made no comment whatever. He merely said, 'What shall I do now?' and, as he waited for his daughter's reply, wiped up the soup in the bottom of the kettle with crusts of rye bread, which he fed to his dogs.

"Go back to town," said his daughter, "and notify the Lieutenant."

"And so I was notified. It was not much over an hour-and-a-half later when that tireless old man reached the gates of Rethel, where the outpost brought him in. In ten minutes the call to arms was sounding in every direction; the bells rang, and the whole town was topsy-turvy. The militia rushed to the public square and fell in line, with a terrible amount of noise. We Frenchmen — noise is to us what a good drink of whiskey is to you.

"They really did very well, however. Had they been regulars they could hardly have been much more prompt in getting off; and so we went marching through the forest singing and hurrahing, as though we were celebrating the defeat of the whole Prussian army, instead of the trapping of five privates and a corporal in a peasant girl's cellar.

"As we drew near the scene of action I stopped their noise, of course; and it was that march through the silent snow-covered forest that impressed 'Berthine's Night' on my mind. There was something ghastly about it. At one point in a great clearing the road doubled on itself, to climb a steep hill. As we reached the top of the double and looked down to the place where our ascent had begun, fifteen minutes before, we could see that the steadily falling snow had already obliterated our footprints. It was like a white sea that crawled behind us, covering up every trace of our passage.

"When we reached the cottage all was still and silent. If it had not been for the smell of powder in the air, I should hardly have believed in the existence of the captive Prussians. Berthine opened the door and stood upon the sill, calm and unmoved as though her father had not brought

a delegation of two hundred French soldiers home with him. I do not know how those long and trying hours of waiting had gone with her; but if they had troubled her placid spirit, she gave no sign. Standing in the doorway, she repeated her warning to every one who approached:

"Don't get in front of the grating!"

"The soldiers were drawn up a couple of hundred feet from the house, and bonfires were lighted for warmth and light. I entered the house, and, going to the trap-door, I addressed the silent cellar:

"Is there a Prussian officer there?"

"There might have been no one at all there for any answer I got. Again and again I addressed the invisible, but no sound came back through the floor. I offered that corporal all the blessings of an honorable surrender, but he gave no sign in answer.

"Meanwhile something was going on outside that I should not have approved of. My men, of course, were standing at ease. That is to say, they were running, jumping and stamping to keep their feet warm. Finally some daredevil had discovered that infernal grating, and nothing would do him but he must run across its range, as a boy might run across the danger-space in the game that we call *barres* in France — you call it prisoner's base, I think. This struck some of the others as a most amusing sport, and the more fleet-footed kept it up for a while, without drawing the enemy's fire. Then there came along a little fat, round baker, named Malet, who was generally called the Bun, on account of his shape. They dared the Bun to make the trial; and, of course, he did it, with a funny little trot that made the men laugh. He had got nearly out of range, when a flash of fire shot from the grating, and Malet went over on his back with a kick and a howl, throwing his own gun over his head. It struck a stone and went off. Its muzzle pointed almost straight at the grating. We conjectured that it hit somebody, for an exclamation came from the cellar, but whether of rage or pain we could not make out. Malet crawled and rolled out of danger. He was wounded in his thigh; but not badly. When I had reformed our lines and left Malet in the surgeon's hands, I returned to the cottage for a council of war, and found Berthine still standing in the doorway, looking at the picturesque scene — the soldiers, the snow, the great fires, the gleaming arms — with the indifferent curiosity of a well-fed cow.

"Well, my girl," I said; "this is a pretty piece of business. You got your men in the cellar; but how are we to get them out?"

"She answered me in her matter-of-fact way:

"They drank up all our cider last night; why don't you give them a drink of water now?"

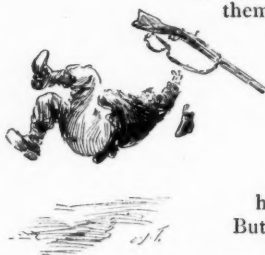
"What do you mean?" I asked.

"There is the pump," she said; "and there are gutters under all the eaves of the house. You can take them down and use them. But you should put them back again."

"That was all the council of war. In ten minutes those gutters were down, stretched from an auger-hole which we made in the trap-door, through the window, to the nozzle of the big wooden pump. Three men ranged themselves on each side of the long handle, and in a short time the current of clear icy water was rushing down the line of wooden troughs and pouring a steady stream into the cellar.

"The cellar was small and shallow; but, as you know, it takes a long

(Concluded on page 86, this number.)





# VERY MUCH PUT OUT.



COOK (to CHAMBERMAID).—I just played a great April Fool joke on the people next door. I looked over the fence and hollered: "Hi, Mrs. Brown! Your chimney is on fire!"



MRS. BROWN (excitedly).—Oh, Henry! The cook next door says that our chimney is on fire. Run up on the roof right away, and pour a bucket of water down it!



MR. BROWN (dubiously).—Now, which is our chimney I wonder. Ah, this must be it, by the amount of smoke coming out!

## A BOOMERANG.

HAMILTON FULTON.—It is impossible to save anything by moving over to Brooklyn.

SHIPPEN CLARKE.—But the rents are cheaper over there, are n't they?

HAMILTON FULTON.—Yes; but what you save in that way you lose in the expense of moving back.

ALL MEN ARE equal in this country, provided they belong to a labor union.



MR. BROWN.—I'll bet that will put it out.



Cook.—Th' Saints protect us! Th' flood has come!

## A REASON.

HOBSON.—Which paper do you take now?

JENKINS.—I don't take any.

HOBSON.—How is that?

JENKINS.—I get all the realism I want in the magazines.

THROWN TOGETHER — Dice.

SOME FOLKS have just enough religion to denounce heresy.

YOU CAN make an enemy more miserable by tickling his feet with the feather of satire than by pounding him with the sledge-hammer of coarse abuse.



## HIS CAPITAL IMPAIRED.

THIRSTY TOURIST.—Is n't fifty cents wather steep for a lemonade?

MONTANA BARTENDER.—Steep? Naw! W'y, you went an' et the lemon!

## JOGGED FROM THE TRAIN.

1ST VOICE.—We are sitting just where the car jolts the most; we must be right over a journal.

2ND VOICE.—Well! I guess we won't hurt it any.

1ST VOICE.—I don't know about that; I don't believe there's a journal in the country, from a Metropolitan daily newspaper to a patent inside that would n't get hot at being sat on.



## THE FRIENDS.

MISS HOLDOVER.—You are in trouble, dear. Let me sympathize with you.

MISS JUSTOUT.—You can't, possibly, dear. I have had three proposals, and must choose between them.

time to fill even the smallest of cellars through an auger-hole. The snow had stopped, and the east was red with morning, before we heard from that cave of gloom any other sound than the steady fall of water. B-r-r-r! but it was shivering cold, that water! Then we heard the hoarsest Prussian voice that ever was dreamed of, say through the grating:

"Mr. Officer!"

"The corporal desired to surrender. At my orders he passed the arms of the detachment up through the grating, simply remarking:

"Make haste, I am dying; and my men are nearly drowned."

"We opened the trap-door, and the corporal's head appeared, pale and ghastly. Two of his men were supporting him. Malet's falling gun had actually shot him, and straight through the body.

"When we had warmed our prisoners so that they could walk, we started back for Rethel, carrying the wounded Bun on a stretcher. The injured Prussian we left behind us, as our surgeon reported him too dangerously hurt to be moved at present.

"This happened in the latter part of January; and it was that very day, by chance, that the Prussian troops in our neighborhood were ordered to Paris.

This was fortunate for Berthine and her family, and was probably the only thing that saved them from the vengeance of the invaders; for, when the Prussians learned what had become of their scouting expedition, they were as wild with rage as we, in Rethel, were with exultation.

"The little town went fairly mad with a frenzy of pride and enthusiasm; and the good people of Rethel were quite as silly and extravagant as — well, as any community that has lost its head over a woman. They got up a popular subscription and gave Berthine Pichon a sum of money; I have forgotten how much, but it was a large sum for the time and place. The family was presented with the thanks of the town in a silver casket, and Berthine received from the Municipality a cask of rare old wine, to which, I suppose, she preferred her own cider. The *Pompier*s — Fire Department, that is — sent her a mantel-piece clock with an alabaster pump on it, and she had a medal or testimonial from every religious society in the city.

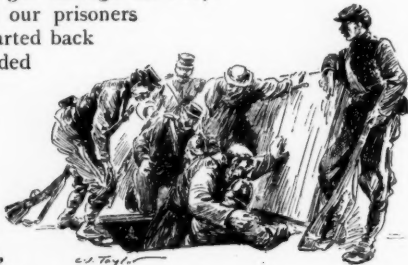
"When the war ended, in February, and I was ordered away from Rethel, the Berthine fever had reached such a height that they were talking about establishing an annual festival in her honor.

"It was not a time for festivals, however, and the absurd scheme was abandoned; but when I came back to Rethel, early in April, the excitement had broken out in a new form, and I found a most curious dispute referred to me for decision. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard that the Maire of the town and my old friend Malet, the wounded baker, the Bun, were quarrelling as to which should marry Berthine Pichon, a girl who could not read or write. I ventured to suggest that she was hardly a match for either of the well-to-do and highly respectable townspeople, but they were quite indignant over it.

"She is of the aristocracy of patriotism," said Malet.

"She is another Joan of Arc," said the Maire.

"As ex-commandant, I was forced to settle between them. I decided in favor of both; suggesting that they should make their offers in order of seniority, and leave it to Berthine to express her personal preferences,



if she had any. My decision was regarded as novel and original, but perfectly satisfactory.

"But I did not know what I had let myself in for, until the Maire insisted that I should drive with him in state to demand of Nicolas Pichon the hand of his daughter. And, my friend, I had to go; and I must tell you how we went.

"I have lived so long in America now that I can understand how impossibly ridiculous it must seem to you, but at the time I was only mildly amused when I found myself rolling through the forest in a big open carriage, conducted by a liveried coachman and footman. I was in full uniform, and I sat by the side of the Maire, who was in evening dress — yes, in swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves, at eleven o'clock in the morning. That's the way they do it in France when they go to make a formal offer of marriage — not addressed to the young lady herself, you know, but to the young lady's papa. On the front seat were two gorgeously caparisoned beards, borrowed from the Cathedral to lend state and dignity to the occasion. Oh, I wish I could have been as much of an American then as I am now, to have been able to realize how funny we were, that carriage-load, as we swept grandly along the high-road through the forest, where the trees were just beginning to turn green and yellow with Spring, and the young frogs were piping in the marshes, and the sun shone on us in all our glory!

"When we came to the historic cottage, old Pichon was chopping wood before the door. He looked up at us sullenly, and without saying a word went on with his task. The footman descended and announced the Maire of the City of Rethel. Then the old man looked up with insolent rage glaring out of his little eyes.

"To the devil with your City of Rethel. It has cost me my daughter; and now I must chop wood in my old age!"

"Cost you your daughter?" stammered the Maire, bewildered.

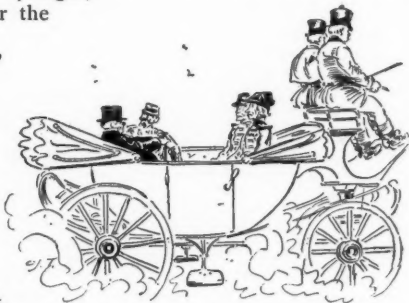
"Yes," said the old man; "you've set her crazy with your nonsense; and now she and her clock and the silver box and the money you gave her — all the money — all the money, do you hear? — they have all gone with that cursed Prussian who was to have died and did n't."

"It was true. The modern Joan of Arc had fallen in love with the captive who had been left with her to be nursed, and as she could never have dared marry him openly, and face the wrath of her fellow-citizens, she had slipped away with him by night, not forgetting to take with her the rewards of her patriotism.

"We afterwards heard,"

concluded Gaston, stopping to refill his pipe as we reached the edge of the woods, and saw the lights of our destination glimmering ahead of us far down the misty valley, pale through the silent-falling snow, "that the corporal rejoined the Prussian army, and got his discharge and a present of money, for having turned the laugh on us; and that the married pair emigrated to Canada, and have done very well for themselves. And this night, my friend, — this night is exactly like Berthine's night, *la nuit à Berthine*, — and this snow will stop just as the sky begins to grow red."

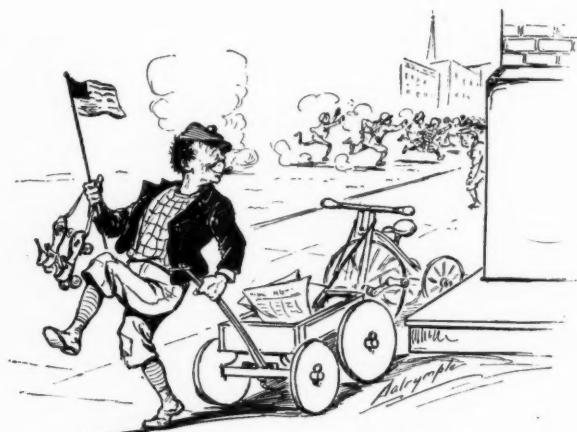
And it did.



## THE BOOGIE MAN FIN DE SIÈCLE.



WICKED GRIMESY (around the corner).—Hi, fellies, here comes de Gerry society!



WICKED GRIMESY (as he gathers in the spoils).—Hah! de old time boogerboos ain't in it wid der Gerry as a scarer!



## BONING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

"Help us with loans," the parson cries;  
 "Lend us," the sisters cackle;  
 "We yearn to lift the debt that lies  
 On the Brooklyn Tabernacle."

## EXPLAINED.

MRS. SHATTUCK.—What is the "lead-pipe cinch" I hear about sometimes?

MR. SHATTUCK.—I don't know that I can explain it to you, but the plumber has it in freezing weather.



"A GLANCE AT THE PAST."

## TO BE EXPECTED.

MR. WINKS.—Well, well! The coal monopolists are in a heap of trouble.

MRS. WINKS.—What's the matter now?

MR. WINKS.—All their workmen are striking for higher wages on account of the high price of coal.

## LOCALLY EFFECTIVE.

SMYTHE.—Was your Baltimore heater a success last Winter?

TOMPKINS.—Oh, yes; I've no doubt it was warm in Baltimore.

## A MISFORTUNE TO HIM.

UPSON DOWNES.—Do you know that Miss Dukkets is a victim of the missing word craze?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Is she?

UPSON DOWNES.—Yes; I asked her to marry me, but she could n't think of the word "yes."

## A MISSIONARY.

ETHEL (*radiantly*).—You know that dear Mr. Bussey? He promised to join the Y. M. C. A., if I would let him kiss me.

MAUDE (*enviously*).—Well?

ETHEL.—Well, — er — he's just taken a five year membership!

## NOT YET SETTLED.

CITY NEPHEW.—Uncle, do you think Hawaii will be annexed?

UNCLE WEYBACK.—Wa-al, I don't know. The Ryeville Debatin' Society hev' been arguin' the question, an' hev n't decided yet.

THE PAST Winter has been so long - winded and snowy, that, metaphorically speaking, it looks as if the snow-plough were going to run into the lawn-mower.

## WHAT INSPIRED HIM.

Hail, gentle Spring!" he sang in glee

With tuneful birdlike note: —  
 It fired his vernal joy to see  
 'T was hailing as he wrote.

## NEEDED A SECOND EDITION.

POOLE.—They postponed the races at Guttenberg to-day, on account of the condition of the track.

ROOME.—Was it much worse than usual?

POOLE.—It was so good they feared it would spoil the jobs they had put up.

THE MAN who fights Corbett has almost as poor a show as the one who goes to see him act.



## A STRICT CHURCHMAN.

MOTHER (*severely*).—I know you took the piece of cake. How dare you deny it?

SON.—You forget this is Lent, Mother, and you told me I ought to deny myself something.

## EASTER.

A SCREEN of murky clouds bedims the morn —  
 Aurora's fingers wear a glove of gray —  
 And leaden skies delay the coming day.  
 Down press the clouds—a storm seems almost born;  
 To forming buds upon the maple trees  
 A humid touch is carried by the breeze.  
 No sun rides high above the aging day;  
 The birds are mute beneath the faded light;  
 The church-bell's tone is saddened by the blight.  
 In tear-touched tones I hear a maiden say,  
 "Plague take the clouds! I can't tell where I'm at;  
 To wear or not to wear my Easter hat."

Wood Levette Wilson.

## EVERYTHING 'IN ITS PLACE.

MAY.—The hoopskirt is coming round again.

FRANK.—Yes; and I should n't be at all surprised if the bustle soon got back.

NATURE COVERS herself with a plaster of mud to cure that tired feeling in the Spring.

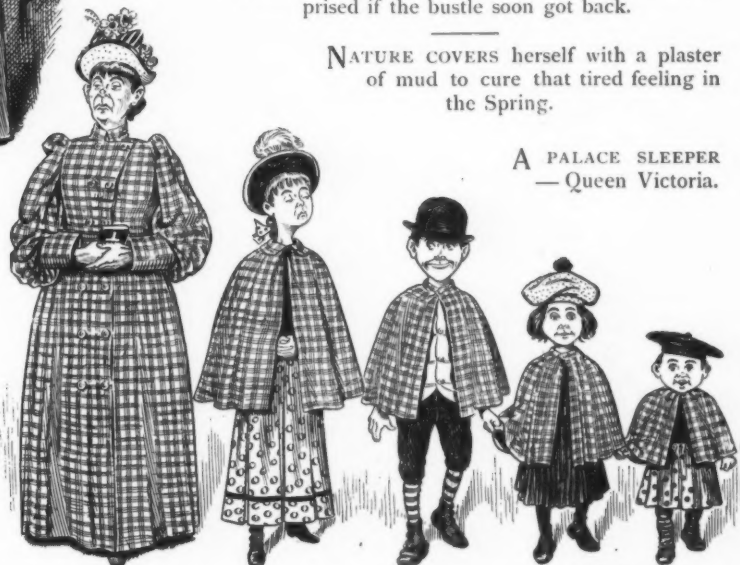
A PALACE SLEEPER  
 — Queen Victoria.



## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BRADY.—It's ashamed av yissilf yez should-be, to be afther spendin' all th' money on wan av thim new stoyle coats fer yissilf and lave th' childer to suffer from these cowlid March winds.

MRS. BRADY.—Wait till yez see us go to church in th' marnin', Dinnis.

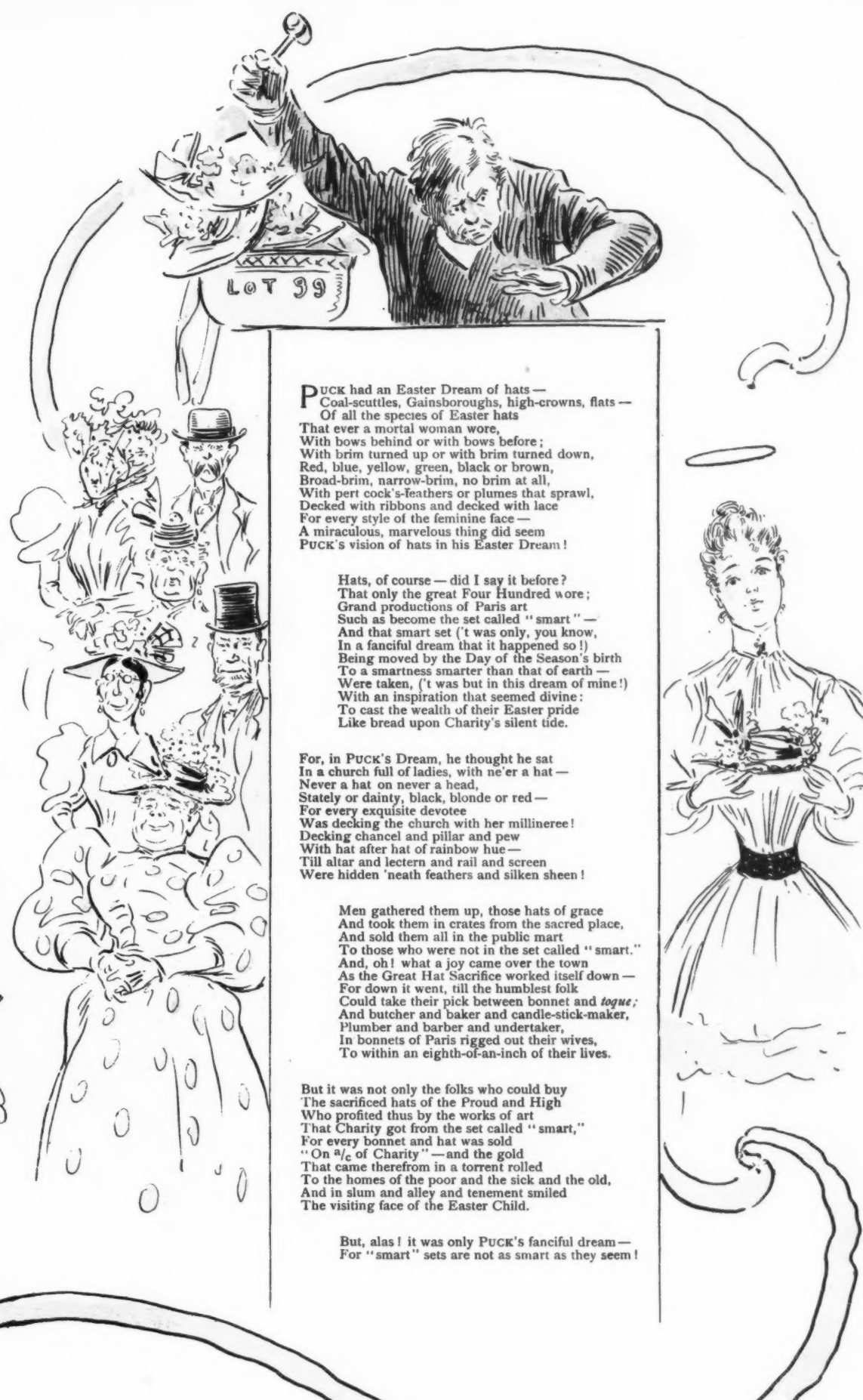


THE BRADY FAMILY en route for church.





PUCK.



PUCK had an Easter Dream of hats —  
Coal-scuttles, Gainsboroughs, high-crowns, flats —  
Of all the species of Easter hats  
That ever a mortal woman wore,  
With bows behind or with bows before;  
With brim turned up or with brim turned down,  
Red, blue, yellow, green, black or brown,  
Broad-brim, narrow-brim, no brim at all,  
With pert cock's-feathers or plumes that sprawl,  
Decked with ribbons and decked with lace  
For every style of the feminine face —  
A miraculous, marvelous thing did seem  
Puck's vision of hats in his Easter Dream!

Hats, of course — did I say it before?  
That only the great Four Hundred wore;  
Grand productions of Paris art  
Such as become the set called "smart" —  
And that smart set ('t was only, you know,  
In a fanciful dream that it happened so!)  
Being moved by the Day of the Season's birth  
To a smartness smarter than that of earth —  
Were taken, ('t was but in this dream of mine!)  
With an inspiration that seemed divine:  
To cast the wealth of their Easter pride  
Like bread upon Charity's silent tide.

For, in Puck's Dream, he thought he sat  
In a church full of ladies, with ne'er a hat —  
Never a hat on never a head,  
Stately or dainty, black, blonde or red —  
For every exquisite devotee  
Was decking the church with her millinery!  
Decking chancel and pillar and pew  
With hat after hat of rainbow hue —  
Till altar and lectern and rail and screen  
Were hidden 'neath feathers and silken sheen!

Men gathered them up, those hats of grace  
And took them in crates from the sacred place,  
And sold them all in the public mart  
To those who were not in the set called "smart."  
And, oh! what a joy came over the town  
As the Great Hat Sacrifice worked itself down —  
For down it went, till the humblest folk  
Could take their pick between bonnet and *toque*;  
And butcher and baker and candle-stick-maker,  
Plumber and barber and undertaker,  
In bonnets of Paris rigged out their wives,  
To within an eighth-of-an-inch of their lives.

But it was not only the folks who could buy  
The sacrificed hats of the Proud and High  
Who profited thus by the works of art  
That Charity got from the set called "smart,"  
For every bonnet and hat was sold  
"On a/c of Charity" — and the gold  
That came therefrom in a torrent rolled  
To the homes of the poor and the sick and the old,  
And in slum and alley and tenement smiled  
The visiting face of the Easter Child.

But, alas! it was only PUCK's fanciful dream —  
For "smart" sets are not as smart as they seem!





## A GRATEFUL ASSURANCE.

PONTO.—I'm glad to see that sign; for that gun's pointing right at me!

## A PLEASANT EMBARRASSMENT.

"They say Parkerberry is financially embarrassed."

"Yes, he is. He has more money than he knows what to do with."

## A MOBILE FACE.

VISITOR (looking at picture gallery).—Oh! These are your ancestors? Very fine indeed.

FRIEND.—No, sir! That is my collection of portraits of Christopher Columbus.

## THE OPPOSITION.

Those who declare the crinoline  
Unworthy of their gender,  
Not plumply beautiful are seen,  
But moulded rather slender.

John Ludlow.



## SYMPATHY.

LUGGSBY (to his VALET).—By George, Thomas, I do feel sorry for those girls; but, really, I can't help being what I am, you know!

## CIRCUMSTANCES WERE DIFFERENT.

"You are the plaintiff in this case, I believe," said the attorney for the defense to Mr. Ferry.

"I am."

"And you are suing Mr. Train for ten feet of ground more than you own?"

"But I do own it. That's why I am suing for possession."

"You think your lot extends ten feet east, on what Mr. Train claims as his?"

"Yes."

"How long have you claimed this ten feet?"

"Ever since I had it surveyed, two years ago."

"Why did you not bring suit for it sooner?"

"I was trying to obtain it amicably, without going to law."

"Mr. Ferry, so recently as last January, you laid no claim to this ten feet now in dispute!"

"What's that?"

"Did you not, one day last January, tell Mr. Train that your lot came only to the point which he claims as his. Now refresh your memory, and remember you are under oath. The occasion I refer to was on Tuesday afternoon, and Mr. Maddox was present."

"W-e-l-l," replied Ferry, after a thoughtful pause; "that was when we were shoveling the snow off our pavements."

William Henry Siviter.



## JUST WHAT HE REQUIRED.

"Why, there's Rushmore, pushing and struggling in that crowd of women! He must be crazy!"

"Not at all—he does it to keep in practice for next season's foot-ball games,—says, there's no exercise like it!"

## FOR A PURPOSE.

NICK R. BOCKER.—I think Jersey is a beastly place, Deacon.

DEACON BERGEN.—But God made it, my friend.

NICK R. BOCKER.—Very likely; but he made it for Jersey men, did n't he?

## THE PHILISTINE'S IDEAL.

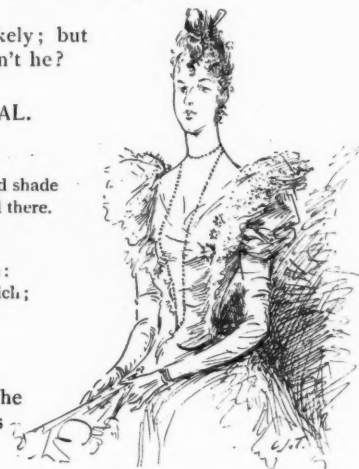
I painted a glorious picture once—  
"A Female Face"—divinely fair;  
And Rembrandt's wondrous light and shade  
With Raphael's grace was blended there.

I showed it to a friend one day—

You should have heard him then exclaim:  
'Well, well! old man—you've struck it rich;  
Now, that is good enough to frame!'

MISFORTUNE MAY not remove the mote from our eye, but it takes the beam out of it.

THE BEST way to keep a man from "forgetting his place" is to give him a good one.





## PUCK'S MISSING NAME CONTEST.

**T**O ASSIST in enlivening the Lenten season, PUCK has decided to inaugurate in America what is known as

### THE MISSING N. ME CONTEST.

These interesting contests have long been the rage in the Prince of Wales's set, and PUCK anticipates that their success will be fully repeated on this side of the Atlantic.

THE TERMS OF THE CONTEST are these: Each person who wishes to become a contestant must fill out a blank check in the manner shown below, substituting the proper words for those in the illustration. On the last line write THE MISSING NAME.

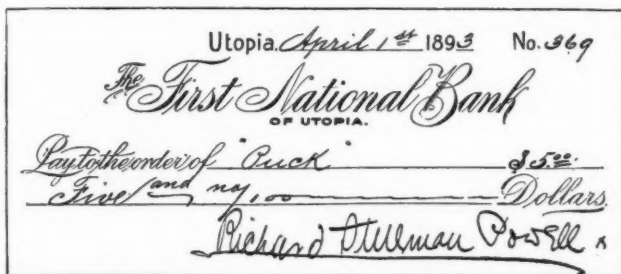
Each successful contestant will receive one copy of PUCK, each week, for one year, dating from the time of the receipt of his check. Contestants are requested to write upon one side of the paper only. The closing of the contest will be announced in due time in these columns.

There has been some doubt as to whether or not the proposed contest was objectionable to the law. In order that there may be no doubt upon the subject, several prominent bank officials have been consulted. They have decided that so long as the check sent is on some bona-fide bank in which the drawer has a deposit equal in extent to the value of the check, and so long as the drawer signs his own name, there can be no possible objection.

Competitors may make as many attempts to supply the Missing Name as they wish, but all such must be addressed to

"THE MISSING NAME EDITOR,  
PUCK, PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY;"

and must be made upon a bona-fide check, as before stipulated. For the benefit of contestants the following sample check is given, it being understood that the one on the last line is not the Missing Name:



### A CONVERSATION.

"The theatre hat is a joke so old  
I should think the press would taboo it."  
"If it is a joke 't is of English mold,  
For no man can see through it."



### OF COURSE THEY WILL.

MAUD. — What shall we do if those horrid hoop-skirts really become fashionable again?

MAMIE. — I suppose we shall wonder how we ever could have worn those horrid skimpy dresses.

PRETTY STEEP YARNS — The Tall Stories of Chicago.

HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.  
LEADING WINTER RESORT.

When an Artist writes a "testimonial" for a Piano, he probably means what he says; the instrument may "please" him or his fancy. But does he *know* that the instrument really is what he thinks it is? When an honest manufacturer who *knows* every detail about a Piano, after every honest effort to make it so, concludes that his is the **BEST**, he will be believed. The *best* Piano is the

139-155 E. 14th St.,  
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Jackson Street,  
Chicago.  
308-314 Post Street,  
San Francisco.

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Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact.  
EXTENDED AND FOLDED  
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effected in every household by the use of

### Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

The best way to improve and strengthen  
Soups and Sauces of all kinds is to add a  
little of this famous product.

For

Chapping,

Itching, Dandruff,  
Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,  
use that delightful balsamic cleanser  
and Antiseptic,

## Packer's Tar Soap

## KODAK FILMS.

Our New Films are giving  
perfect satisfaction. They are  
highly sensitive and repeated  
tests show that they retain this  
sensitiveness as well as glass  
plates. No other films are so  
free from imperfections; none  
so uniform; none so reliable.  
Our film doesn't frill.

Eastman Kodak Co.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

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For the Complexion  
For Keeping the Skin Soft  
For Making the Skin White  
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Beware of Imitations.

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IT EXCELS ANY SOAP AT 25 CENTS

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT KEEP IT,  
Send 12 Cents for Full Size **SAMPLE CAKE**

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., 84 Adams St., Chicago



## Wurlitzer Guitars:

POLISHED ANTIQUE OAK ..... \$10.00  
POLISHED MAHOGANY ..... \$12.00  
POLISHED ROSEWOOD ..... \$16.00

Each guitar is standard size, has nickel-plated patent heads and tail piece, pearl position dots, Orange polished sound boards, fancy wood-inlaid sound hole, hard wood polished neck, rosewood finger board. The Rosewood guitar has an inlaid edge, also.

### Warranted perfect in Scale.

With each guitar is supplied a leather bound, fleece-lined, end-opening canvas case.

Either of above guitars will be sent to any express office, C. O. D., with privilege of examination. 761

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,  
Established 1857. CINCINNATI, O.



No. 4711.

## EAU DE COLOGNE

Undoubtedly the finest and  
most refreshing perfume.  
Imported into the United States  
for over fifty years.

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NEW YORK.

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BRATED PIANOS, WE HAVE ERRECTED A VERY LARGE  
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US TO MAKE 50 PIANOS PER WEEK.

THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE UNEXCELLED  
AND ARE SOLD  
AT MODERATE PRICES.  
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Send "Puck's Painting-Book" for Children, 50 Cents.

# GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE To CALIFORNIA

Very important changes have recently been made in round-trip California tickets. We are prepared to offer extraordinary inducements and facilities to intending travellers. For full particulars address

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**A HAIR GROWER.**  
Prof. Taylor's Hair Grower produces heavy mistakes on my smooth face in 4 weeks. It restored the hair on my head when I was perfectly bald. The only remedy. 6000 similar letters.



If You Want  
Good Tailoring  
Go Where They  
Know How to  
Make It.

*Nicoll*  
The Tailor

Knows How!

His Ideas are original  
— His workmanship  
in good taste — His  
stock the most com-  
prehensive.

Suits to measure from \$20.00.  
Trousers from \$5.00.

Samples mailed.

771 Broadway — 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

IN A QUANDARY.

MAMA.—What's the matter now?  
SMALL DAUGHTER.—There is n't  
room enough for all the dolls an' the kit-  
tie in the bed. Where shall I sleep?—  
*Street & Smith's Good News.*



**YOU CAN SMOKE**  
to your heart's content — never experi-  
ence unpleasant after effects — no dys-  
pepsia or sleeplessness if you use  
**STILES' ANTI-NICOTINE TABLETS**  
Invaluable to Smokers.

Sold by all druggists and cigar-dealers,  
or by mail, 15 cents a bottle.

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THE PERVERSITY OF SLEEP. — I.

For the six working days of the week. — "It is certainly tough to have  
to get up at seven o'clock when one feels like sleeping till twelve."

The four H's — health, happy homes and hospital-  
ity — fostered by Angostura Bitters. Sole manufac-  
turers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou" — Bromo-Seltzer.



IN REFERENCE TO THE BEER CONTRACT  
for the World's Fair Columbian Casino Restau-  
rant, the *Globe-Democrat* says: "Daily during the  
Fair tens of thousands of visitors from all parts of  
the world, will drink Anheuser-Busch beer, and carry  
its fame to the uttermost parts of the earth, which  
but adds another to the innumerable victories won by  
the great St. Louis brewer, solely upon the merits of  
the beer he manufactures. The beer for the Casino  
will be the favorite and well-known brands Budweiser  
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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.  
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**BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, \$225 up.**  
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America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR.  
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**RAMBLERS** — it's cheaper. These children  
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Handsome Rambler Catalogue free.  
**GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,**  
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Please mention Puck.

If YOU must be dogmatic, try not to  
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Special line of Extra-fine English and Globe Stripe Worsteds. Trousers, to order, \$5.00.

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**INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE**  
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING  
THE GREATEST INVENTION  
EVERY OF THE AGE HAVE IT.  
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND IN CANS.  
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The great European Expositions have awarded the premium to Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne for bouquet.

A "DUTCH TREAT"—Beer and Pretzels.—Harvard Lampoon.

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Elegant playing cards are now put up by The United States Printing Company expressly for card parties in private houses. Six Packs of their Congress brand, regular size, gold backs and gold edges, are sold in cartons for \$3.00.

No cards like these ever were made before. They are as good and beautiful as they are new. The artistic designs are printed in either Green, Copper, Violet, Aluminum, or Gold bronze on backgrounds either Red, Blue, Orange, Maroon, Green or White.

If your dealer does not keep these Congress Carton Cards or will not get them for you, they will be sent to your address, expressage prepaid, on receipt of Three (3.00) Dollars, by

**The United States Printing Co.,**

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CINCINNATI, O.



THE PERVERSITY OF SLEEP.—II.

Sunday Morning.—"Seven o'clock! I can stay here all day if I wish, and yet I've been lying here awake for one hour and can't get to sleep."

With nerves unstrung and head that aches  
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer takes.

The F. & M.  
**Schaefer**  
Brewing Co.'s  
**Bock Beer**

On Draught  
at all  
Customers.

Bottled at the Brewery  
for Family, Hotel and  
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MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies  
—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the  
preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S**  
**Breakfast Cocoa**  
which is absolutely  
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times  
the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or  
Sugar, and is far more economical,  
costing less than one cent a cup.  
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY  
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. BAKER & CO.,** Dorchester, Mass.

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speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to rosy health.



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of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

## AMERICAN Club House Cheese

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A soft, rich cheese, put up in hermetically sealed glass jars.

If your grocer does not keep it send 14 cts. in stamps and a miniature jar will be mailed to any address.

A full size jar will be expressed to any point in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

**THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO.,**  
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## IF YOU ARE A Pipe Smoker



## WE WANT YOU TO TRY GOLDEN SCEPTRE.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECT. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of Golden Sceptre: 1 lb., \$1.30; 1/4 lb. 40c., postage paid. [Catalogue Free.]  
**SUNBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.**

## CLARKE'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The purity—Age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—  
**The Finest Whiskey In the World**  
and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co. on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per doz. \$12.00; per Gal. \$4.; per 2 gal. \$7.50; securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or **COLUMBIA, BIRKS & CO.,** Sole Agents, 22 Ash St., Peoria, Ill.

**THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH**  
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**The Best That Money Can Buy.**  
**Incomparable**



**La Flor De Vallens & Co.**  
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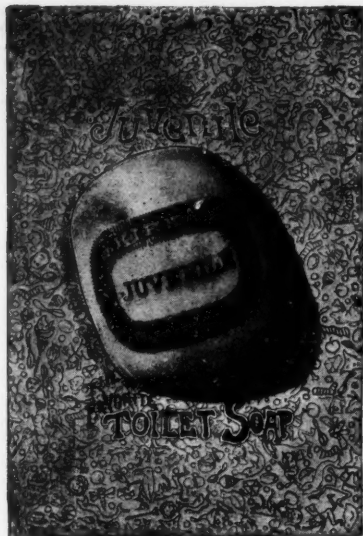
If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.  
**EUGENE VALLENS & CO., 44 to 54 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**

**Puck's World's Fair Souvenir:**

**A Triumph of American Art**  
in COLOR PRINTING.

Order it NOW. 50 cents per Copy. Ready, April 5th.





### If your boy

isn't on time, the chances are it is no fault of his. Do you expect him to tell time by the sun? Has he a watch? If not, that is your fault. He might have a first-class time-keeper as low as four dollars; up to ten, according to style—all the style anybody could ask.—Good enough for you, too, if you need a watch.

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These goods are made out of pure **BOTANY** wool, soft finished and won't gloss. We have received a large shipment of this material. **THE LATEST NOVELTIES FOR SPRING OVERCOATS** (to order), and upwards.

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Everything new! Everything new!  
Here's PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 5TH CROP, for you!  
Full of giggles and roars and smiles,  
With little snickers chucked in 'tween whites;  
And not a giggle, a smile or a roar  
That you met in One, Two, Three or Four.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 5th Crop, is for sale by all Newsdealers at 25 cents.

Every Crop in itself is a host,  
And we can not quite tell which you'll like the most—  
But of all these budgets of mirth and jest,  
The latest, we think, is a little the best.  
And so out your little round Quarter you chuck,  
And cavort away with your PICKINGS FROM PUCK!

## PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 4TH CROP.

Dear Reader:  
Here's PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Number Four.  
A volume to make you feel happy and roar.  
There are sixty-four pages, all blooming with fun.  
And the cuts are the finest that PUCK's ever done.  
Oh, this is a PICKINGS brand-new! As you'll see  
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It's as bright as the dew on the creamy tea-rose,  
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If your mind is depressed, and your feelings are blue,  
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Why, here's the collection of jokes and cuts that  
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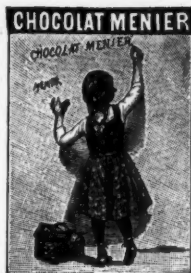
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PUCK is the most fertile ground Surely ever could be found. Every three months without stop, Yielding forth a finer Crop Earns a quarter, beg or steal or Borrow—then of your newsdealer Of PICKINGS than the Crop before— Yet does not cost you one cent more. If you want to laugh and shout Till you turn 'most inside out; Buy the glorious SEVENTH CROP Of PICKINGS FROM PUCK. It's 'way on top! PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 7th Crop, is for sale by all Newsdealers at 25 cents.

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J. Oppen

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